

THE
EMULATION
OF THE
INSECTS:

OR,
A MINISTER chosen.

A
FABLE.

Summus nempe locus nulla non arte petitus.
JUVEN.

L O N D O N :
Printed for J. BOUQUET, in *Pater-noster Row*.

MDCCLIV.

[Price Six Pence.]

17464.1250



Welsh fund

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at a like critical time about
twelve years ago, with the addition of
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THE
 E M U L A T I O N
 OF THE
 I N S E C T S :

O R,
 A M I N I S T E R chosen.

THERE stood, beneath an alder's
 shade,

An aggat cavern, hollow made

By a swift water's course, of old

That rapidly beneath it roll'd :

But

But now, thro' time, the stream does fly
 Its banks, and leaves its pebbles dry,
 Nature within this aggat's fide
 Had hewn a court in mimic pride,
 Whose walls, transparent to the light,
 Around admit a painted light;
 And roofs in crystal brightness high
 Seem bounded by the higher sky.

HITHER in tribes the insect race
 Haste as to court about a *place*.
 To give the ministry of things
 To such who best could govern kings.
 Not like the folks of modern note,
 Who go determin'd how to vote.

WHEN ceas'd the loud expecting hum,
 And each was in attention dumb,

The

The Bee up rose above the rest,
And thus th' assembled court address'd.

WITH joy, my friends, I see you meet,
And much my people long'd to see't,
To settle such defects of state
As might disturbances create ;
For when there rages discontent,
'Tis wise its evils to prevent.
I know the fondness of my breast
To see my people's wrongs redress'd ;
So take it, tho' they disagree,
Dissention is not meant at me.
The point that now is in debate
Is of the ministers of state :
For what's a ship without its guide,
'Tis hurry'd down the forcing tide ;

Kings

Kings have a dang'rous tide to stemn,
 And must be piloted by them.
 Then let the candidates appear,
 Who claim the place, and we shall hear.

THE Slug advanc'd his weighty head,
 And flow in formal accent said,
 Ours is the place, if insects draw
 Examples from the human law ;
 As wolves the feeble flocks devour ;
 So plunder ministers in pow'r.
 Now we, like them deceitful, spoil,
 The rich man's pleasure, lab'rer's toil,
 The garden's boast, and florist's pride,
 The bud, in heav'n's fair rainbow dy'd.
 The peach must wear our unctious slime ;
 While we to higher plunders climb :

By

By which to leaves and fruit we cling,
And crawl the spoilers of the spring.

THE Snail then.—What the slug does say
With some advantage favours me,
Each insect of experience knows
The hazards, which the statesman goes :
That when a dirty scheme's begun ;
Or any scurvy action's done ;
He's liable, and often under
Danger of being pull'd asunder,
Now, as I'll plainly prove, the slug
Cannot do mischief, quite so snug
As I, who am enclos'd in shell :
Tho' what he does is very well ;
He's so expos'd, so oft in lim ;
Each bird can have a pick at him :

B

When

When it would be a trusty tool,
That in my coat could pick an hole.

HERE insects rose of various names,
And proudly laid their feeble claims.
The wasp set forth his pois'nous sting,
By wounding others, serv'd his king :
And many strove to pull down merit ;
That foe to courts, a public spirit.

TRUE, cries the flea, the tender part
To sting, declares the statesman's art.
This the pert wasp pretends to know,
Who openly attacks his foe.
Now we will wisely condescend
To be the patriot's bosom-friend :
Yet will retain a nimble nack
To shift our side, and bite his back.

Nay

When patriots by the ear are caught ;
 They're easily to reason brought :
 Now you from wiser men may hear ;
 A flea is dang'rous in the ear.
 Nay we can live, like statesmen, set
 Around in grime, in filth and sweat :
 Or can to any work descend ;
 So we succeed, or gain our end.

THE fly——hypocrisy's the way
 To lead the man of worth astray :
 For strong is he, who can withstand
 To join the flatt'rer by the hand.
 Wherefore, each necessary part
 Of subtile courtship, we've by heart.
 Such as salute when e'er we meet ;
 Taste each one's dish, but never treat :

And whilst at no expence we feast ;
 We serve ourselves, but blow the rest.
 Then should a Drone a project lay ;
 Instead our former debts to pay ;
 The nation's public wealth to get,
 And plunge the people more in debt ;
 A drop of honey set aside,
 That statesman's gold which battles pride,
 Attacks us to its fragrant lure ;
 Our silence wins, and binds us sure.
 Besides few ministers will dare,
 Against their friends to suffer war :
 For states, tho' each a war intends,
 May in their ministers be friends ;
 Yet, spur'd by clamor's restless stings,
 Make shew of war ; to screen their kings,
 So we stuck on a needle's point,
 Work nimbly each elastic joint ;

On

On paper muskets exercise
 With head, arms, ancles, feet and thighs;
 From right to left we wind them round;
 And threaten war in mimic sound.

THESE schemes, reply'd the spider, rise
 From artful principals, not wise.
 A statesman should be provident:
 Nor shew too plain the purpose meant.

WITH justest conduct, nicest care,
 We lay our thin, yet artful snare.
 An hundred curious, pleasing views,
 An hundred wond'rous avenues
 Allure the trav'ler, on his way,
 To turn aside, and run astray.
 Around, streight lines conduct him in;
 Which soon into a thousand twine:

These

These by as many more are crost;
 Which in the like again are lost.
 Above, below, the lines, like rays,
 Extend; now join, now break a maze.
 The whole appears one strange about:
 No entrance in, no passage out.
 Here we, the tyrants, sit in state;
 Like giants at their castle's gate:
 Torn limbs, and heads lie strewn around:
 The terrors of this magic ground.

WE, say the butterflies, excel,
 Like a magician in a spell:
 Which in a statesman's hand's expedient;
 As aiding to an evil agent.
 We crawl on earth, in air we range;
 Not ty'd to form; but free to change:

That

That, if attempted in one shape,
 We in another can escape.
 For statesmen, by their frequent rapes,
 Involve themselves in dirty scrapes.
 They first run in, — then what? why then,
 Must get themselves ev'n out again.
 Lords are to butterflies compar'd.
 And sure a lord should be prefer'd?
 Unless by man's defects you note us;
 And will in time as useless vote us?
 But who can say we nothing do?
 Is't nothing to set out for show?
 To chuse variety of dress?
 Does this denote an idleness?
 Let asses toil: or in the heat,
 The ant and lab'ring oxen sweat:
 This world, and ev'ry sweet that grows,
 Was made for lords; and lord's repose.

Then

Then in this point we all exceed,
 That's in relation to our breed.
 From slime, from excrement, and dung,
 We boast our birth and being sprung.
 First breath a maggot, then a worm,
 At last arrive to this our form :
 And shining in these birth-day clothes,
 Fill all your palaces with beaux.
 What is nobility of late !
 Who's rich and fine is wise and great.
 When first the maggot would aspire ;
 He's dubb'd with title of esquire,
 Become a worm, he forward creeps ;
 And to a baronet he steps.
 Wings having got, he aims to rise ;
 Is made a lord, and then he flies.
 So as to lord, esquire, or knight,
 We claim hereditary right.

THE book-worm speaking of his learning,
 Prov'd it above his own discerning.
 Told o'er the authors he had gone thro',
 Both greek and latin, old and young too.
 What e'er he read he did digest ;
 But what he knew not, that he guest.
 At last he hop'd he might be clerk,
 To write his name, or set his mark.

THE death-watch last his descant sang
 In doleful notes, and thus began.
 The wise can only forward view
 In fate, from parallels they knew :
 Yet such the variousness of things ;
 Kings fall to slaves, slaves rise to kings :
 Such the uncertainty, the eyes
 Are after the experience wise.

C

Now

Now we alone can guide the state,
 Who look into the depths of fate ;
 Not only act what there is told ;
 But fate's itself by us controul'd.
 If we pronounce a fatal doom ;
 'Tis sure, as destiny, to come.
 For if a male-content should dare,
 To raise disturbances, or war,
 Or should defend his country's laws,
 In opposition to our cause ;
 He's not, as now, by way of fine,
 Allow'd the favour to resign :
 Our voice alone may vengeance claim.
 Off with his head. — So much for him.

THEY ceas'd. Attention held the croud :
 No insect's voice was heard aloud ;

While

While doubts and fears their minds suspend,
 Waiting the great, th' important end :
 Till first their king the silence broke.
 He thus with just resentment spoke.

THINK not, ye herd, I mean t'abuse
 My people's love, or stretch the use
 Of pow'r to such unworthy means;
 Or subjects cheat for private gains.
 What's just and honest shall support
 The strength, and grandeur of our court.
 Nor, when I an assistant ask ;
 Do I design him, as a mask,
 To cover what's unworthy me ;
 Or hurt my people's liberty.
 No — but when I the insect find
 Of worth, and of the honest mind ;

Who, scorning his own private end,
 Is the whole weal's good-natur'd friend;
 Will share with me his country's load;
 Will keep its honour clear abroad;
 At home, consult the people's ease;
 Maintain their rights, procure them peace:
 Him, — tho' indeed I fairly own,
 'Tis hard to find out such an one—
 With faith and love I will ensure
 To keep you free, and me secure.

Joy, love, and glory fill'd the breast
 Of each; as in their monarch blest:
 Then all from the deep silence raise
 Their voices in a shout of praise:
 But when th' respected ants were seen
 To rise; a silence reign'd again:
 Who, from their worthiness rever'd,
 Were both with love and favour hear'd.

My

My friends, said they, tho' last to move
 Our suit; the first our faith to prove.
 How can the patriot bosom cease
 To shew its thanks in gen'rous praise;
 When such a voice lost virtue fires;
 And what it asks, at once inspires?
 For, as the sun, which moves on high,
 Not only warms his empire-skie;
 But light and heat around him sends:
 Which gifts to worlds beneath descends:
 So when in greatness virtues play;
 Each insect glisters in the ray.
 The beaming fire, that o'er us shines,
 Flows down, and lives within our veins.
 Thus of our prince secure, and you,
 With faith we shall our cause pursue.

If pride elates, or bids us glide
 The glitt'ring trifle of the mead;

Our

Our wings against the thorns we tear,
 And leave our pride and bodies bare.
 If flights we take to shew our pow'r ;
 The swallow may our aims devour.
 If new experiments we make,
 And dare to swim the faithless lake,
 Such insects, taken out of place,
 Prove prey unto the finny race.
 An humble mean we chuse to hold ;
 Of wrong afraid, in justice bold ;
 Aiming thro' love to serve the state ;
 Not from a view of being great.
 Nor will we, in our wit's defence,
 Assume the rogue, to prove our sense :
 For, tho' he who a knave is deem'd,
 A man of parts may be esteem'd ;
 Yet truth and justice in the end,
 Will prove the owner's better friend :

And

And still our industry has been
 A proverb in the mouths of men.
 In summer, and in seasons fair,
 We'll hoard with labour, heep with care,
 The silver oat and golden grain,
 And cull the choicest of the plain;
 That when cold winter nips the feed,
 In peace and plenty all may feed;
 Nor live the insects of a sun,
 But be a name whilst ages run.
 For be assured, true policy
 For man or master's honesty.

A LOUD applause joy'd millions sing,
 The ants are ministers, and served their king.

F I N I S.